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WHOLE NO. 2062.

Poetry.

SLAVE TRAGEDY AT CINCINNATI.

BY MISS MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Bright the Sabbath sun is shining through the clear
And frosty air;
Solemnly the bells are calling to the house of prayer:
And with thought devout and holy, thither many wend
Their way.
To receive their pledges—lest I cannot get to-day
For my soul is sick and agonized with that fearful tale
Which has shrouded the cheeks of mothers to the white
Of the snow;
And my thoughts are wandering over where the prison
Walls surround
The parents and their children, in helpless bondage
Bound.
Oh, these mothers, maddened, frenzied, when the human
Sons' souls come
Thee and thy settings, till thy agonized spirit darts
To God, unbidden, one darling life that round thee
Owns its life—
Worthy of a Spartan mother, was that fearful deed
Of thine!
Worthy of the Roman father, who shrank deep his
Swording knife
In the bosom of Virginia, in the current of her life!
Who, rather than his precious child should live a tyrant's
Slave,
Opened the way to freedom through the portals of the
grave!
Well, I know no stronger yearning than a mother's love
Can know—
I could do and dare forever for the late upon my knee!
And I feel no deeper sorrow could the light of life
Ere part;
That to see death's shadows settle on his brow and
Faded lips
Yet, oh, God of Heaven, forgive me! baby sitting on
My knee,
I could close thy blue eyes calmly, smiling now
So sweet on me!
Ah, my hand could open the casement, and thy precious
Soul set free:
Better for thee Death and Heaven than a life of
Slavery!
And, before the Judge Eternal, this should be my
Anathema—
"They would rob my child of Manhood; oh, ungodly,
I sent it there!"
"Hope, and Love, and Joy, and Knowledge, and her
Every Right, they crave;
So I gave her what they left her—her inheritance—the
grave!"
And the Lord would judge between us, oh! ye men of
stony heart!
Then "bless the strong and mighty, for the weak He
Taketh part;"
Think ye, hunters of His children, bowed beneath your
Iron rod,
With your feet upon their heart-pales, this ye do unto
your God!
But the day of vengeance cometh—He will set His
Children free,
Though He lead them, like His Israel, through a red
and bloody sea!
For the tears and gore of bondage, staining deep
the frightful soul,
And the wailing cry of millions risen daily up to God!
Amens, N. Y., Sunday, Feb. 3, 1856.

Choice Miscellany.

ERNEST LINWOOD.

The following is the opening chapter of
a new work by Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz.
In point of interest, it is not a fair sample
of the whole book, but it will give the
reader a correct idea of the style of the
author.

With an incident of my childhood I
will commence the record of my life—
It stands out in bold prominence, rugged
and bleak, through the haze of
memory.

I was only twelve years old. He
might have spoken less harshly. He
might have remembered and pitied my
youth and sensitiveness, that tall, pow-
erful, hitherto kind man—my preceptor,
and, as I believed, my friend. Listen to
what he did say, in the presence of the
whole school of boys, as well as girls,
assembled on that day to hear the weekly
exercises read, written on subjects
which the master had given us the previous
week.

One by one, we were called up to the
platform, where he sat enthroned in all
the majesty of the Olympian king-dom.
One by one, the manuscripts were read
by their youthful authors—the criticisms
uttered, which marked them with
honor or shame—gliding figures passed
each other, going and returning, while a
hasty exchange of glances, betrayed the
flash of triumph, or the gloom of disap-
pointment.

"Gabriella Lynn!" The name
sounded like thunder in my ears. I
rose, trembling, blushing, feeling as if
every pair of eyes in the hall were burn-
ing like red hot balls on my face. I
tried to move, but my feet were glued to
the floor.

"Gabriella Lynn!"
The tone was louder, more command-
ing, and I dared not resist the mandate.
The greater fear conquered the less—
With a desperate effort I walked, or rather
rushed, up the steps, the paper flut-
tering in my hand, as if blown by a strong
wind.

"A little less haste would be more de-
corous, Miss."
The shadow of a pair of beetling brows
rolled darkly over me. Had I stood be-
neath an overhanging cliff, with the
ocean waves dashing at my feet, I could
not have felt more awe or dread. A mist
settled on my eyes.

"Read," cried the master, waving
his ferula with a commanding gesture—
"our time is precious."
I opened my lips, but no sound issued
from my paralyzed tongue. With a
feeling of horror, which the intensely

diffident can understand, and only they,
I turned and was about to fly back to
my seat, when a large, strong hand pressed
its weight upon my shoulder, and ar-
rested my flight.

"Stay where you are," exclaimed Mr.
Regulus. "Have I not lectured you a
hundred times on this preposterous
shame-facedness of yours? Am I a
Draco, with laws written in blood, a ty-
rant, scourging with an iron rod, that
you thus shrink and tremble before me?
Read, or suffer the penalty due disobe-
dience and waywardness."

Thus threatened, I commenced in a
husky, faltering voice, the reading of
lines which, till that moment, I had be-
lieved glowing with the inspiration of
genius. Now, how flat and common-
place they seemed! It was the first time
I had ever ventured to reveal to others
the talent hidden with all a miser's
vigilance in my bosom casket—I had
lipped in rhyme—I had improvised in
rhyme—I had dreamed in poetry, when
the moon and stars were looking down
on me with benignant lustre. I had
thought poetry at the sunset hour,
amid twilight shadows and midnight
darkness. I had scribbled it at early
morn in my little room, at noonday re-
cess at my solitary desk; but no human
being, save my mother, knew of the
young dream-girl's poetic raptures.

One of those irresistible promptings
of spirit which all have felt, and to which
many have yielded, induced me at this
era to break loose from my shell and
come forth, as I imagined, a beautiful
and brilliant butterfly, soaring up above
the gaze of my astonished and admiring
companions. Yes; with all my diffi-
dence I anticipated a scene of triumph,
a dramatic scene, which would termi-
nate perhaps in a crown of laurel, or a
public oration.

Lowly self-estimation is by no means
a constant accompaniment of diffidence.
The consciousness of possessing great
powers and deep sensibility often creates
bashfulness. It is their veil and guard
while maturing and strengthening. It is
the flower's sheath, that folds the corolla,
ill prepared to encounter the sun's burn-
ing rays.

"Read!"
I did read—one stanza. I could not
go on though the scaffold were the doom
of my silence.
"What foolery is this! Give it to me!"

The paper was pulled from my cling-
ing fingers. Clearing his throat with a
loud and prolonged hum—then giving a
flourish of his ruler on the desk, he read,
in a tone of withering derision, the warm
breathings of a child's heart and soul,
struggling after immortality—the spirit
and trembling utterance of long cherish-
ed, long imprisoned yearnings.

Now, when after years of reflection I
look back on that never-to-be-forgotten
moment, I can form a true estimate of
the poem subjected to that fiery ordeal.
I wonder the paper did not scorch and
shrivel up like a burning scroll. It did
not deserve ridicule. The thoughts
were fresh and glowing, the measure
correct, the versification melodious. It
was the genuine offspring of a young
imagination, urged by the "strong ne-
cessity" of giving utterance to its bright
idealities, the sighings of a heart long
beyond its lowly and lonely destiny.
Ah! Mr. Regulus, you were cruel then.
Methinks I see him—hear him now,
weighing in the iron scales of criticism
every springing, winged idea, cutting
and slashing the words till it seemed to
me they dropped blood—then glancing
from me to the living rows of benches
with such a cold, sarcastic smile.

"What a barbarous, unfeeling mon-
ster!" perhaps I hear some one ex-
claim:

No, he was not. He could be very
kind and indulgent. He had been kind
and generous to me. He gave me my
tuition, and had taken unwearied pains
with my lessons. He could forgive great
offences, but had no toleration for little
foolies. He really thought it a sinful
waste of time to write poetry in school.
He had given me a subject for composi-
tion, a useful, practical one, but not at
all to my taste, and I had ventured to
disregard it. I had jumped over the
rock, and climbed up to the flowers that
grew above it. He was a thorough
mathematician, a celebrated grammar-
ian, a renowned geographer and lin-
guist, but then thought he had no more
eye for poetry or music, no more eye for
painting—the painting of God—or man—
than the stilled ox, or the Greenland
seal. I did him injustice, and he was
unjust to me. I had not intended to
light or scorn the selection he had made,
but I could not write upon it—I could
not help my thoughts from flowing into
rhyme.

Can the stream help gliding and rip-
pling through its flowery margins? Can
the bird help singing and warbling up-
ward into the deep blue sky, sending
down a silver shower of melody as it
flies?

Perhaps some may think I am swell-
ing small things into great; but incidents
and actions are to be judged by their re-
sults, by their influence in the formation
of character, and the hues they reflect
on futurity. Had I received encourage-
ment instead of rebuke, praise instead of
ridicule—had he taken me by the hand
and spoken some such kindly words as
these:—

"This is very well for a little girl like
you. Lift up that downcast face, nor
blush and tremble, as if detected in a
guilty act. You must not spend too
much time in the reveries of imagination,
for this is a working-day world, my
child. Even the birds have to build
their nests, and the coral insect is a
mighty laborer. The gift of song is
sweet, and may be made an instrument
of the Creator's glory. The first notes
of the lark are feeble, compared to his
heaven-high strains. The fainter dawn
precedes the risen day."

Oh! had he addressed me in indul-
gent words as these, who knows but
that, like burning Sappho, I might have
sang as well as loved? Who knows but
that the golden gates of the Eden of im-
mortality might have opened to admit
the wandering Peri to her long-lost
home? I might have been the priestess
of a shrine of Delphic celebrity, and the
world have offered burning incense at my
altar. I might have won the laurel
crown, and found, perchance, thorns hid-
den under its leaves. I might—but it
matters not. The divine spark is undy-
ing, and though circumstances may
smother the flame it kindles, it glows
in the bosom with unquenchable fire.

I remember very well what the master
said, instead of the imagined words I
have written.

"Poetry, is it?—or something you
mean to be called by that name? Non-
sense, child—fully—moon beam hal-
lucination! Child! do you know that this
is an unparadise waste of time? Do
you remember that opportunities of im-
provement are given you to enable you
hereafter to secure an honorable inde-
pendence? This accounts for your re-
veries over the blackboard, your indiffer-
ence to mathematics, that grand and
glorious science! Poetry! ha, ha! I
began to think you did not understand
the use of capitals—ha, ha!"

Did you ever imagine how a tender
loft of broad meat felt when cut into
slices by the sharpened knife? How the
young bark feels when the iron wedge
is driven through it with cleaving force?
I think I can, by the experience of that
hour. I stood with quivering lip, burn-
ing cheek, and panting breast—my eyes
riveted on the paper which he flourished
in his left hand, pointing at it with the
forefinger of his right.

"He shall not go on," said I to my-
self, exasperation giving me boldness—
"he shall not read what I have written
of my mother. I will die sooner. He
may insult my poverty, but hers shall be
sacred, and her sorrows too."

I sprang forward, forgetting every-
thing in the fear of hearing her name as
associated with derision, and attempted to
get possession of the manuscript. A fly
might as well attempt to wring the trunk
of the elephant.

"Really little poetess, you are getting
bold. I should like to see you try that
again. You had better keep quiet."

A resolute glance of the keen, black
eye, resolute, yet twinkling with secret
merriment, and he was about to com-
mence another stanza.

I jumped up with the leap of the pan-
ther. I could not loosen his strong grasp,
but I tore the paper from round his fin-
gers, ran down the steps through the
rows of desks and benches, without look-
ing to the right or left, and flew without
bonnet or covering out into the broad sun-
light and open air.

"Come back, this moment!"
The thundering voice of the master
rolled after me, like a heavy stone,
threatening to crush me as it rolled. I
bounded on before it with constantly ac-
celerating speed.

"Go back—never!"
I said this to myself. I repeated it
aloud to the breeze that came coolly and
soothingly through the green boughs, to
fan the burning cheeks of the fugitive.
At length the dread of pursuit subsided.
I slackened my steps, and cast a furtive
glance behind me. The cupola of the
academy gleamed white through the
oak trees that surrounded it, and above
them the glittering vane, fashioned in
the form of a giant pen, seemed writing
on the azure page of heaven.

My home—the little cottage in the
woods, was a mile distant. There was
a by-path, a foot-path as it was called,
which cut the woods in a diagonal line,
and which had been trodden hard and
smooth by the feet of the children—

Even at mid-day there was twilight in
that solitary path, and when the shadows
deepened and lengthened on the plain,
they concentrated into gloominess there.
The moment I turned into that path, I
was supreme. It was mine. The pub-
lic road, the thoroughfare leading
through the heart of the town, belonged
to the world. I was obliged to walk
there like other people, with mincing
steps, and bonnet tied primely under the
chin, according to the rule and plummet
line of school girl propriety. But in my
own little by-path, I could do just as I
pleased. I could run with my bonnet
swinging in my hand, and my hair float-
ing like the wild vine of the woods. I
could throw myself down on the grass at
the foot of the great trees, and looking
up into the deep, distant sky, indulge my
own wondrous imaginings.

I did so now. I cast myself panting
on the turf, and turning my face down-
ward instead of upward, clasped my
hands over it, and the hot tears gushed
in scorching streams through my fingers,
till the pillow of earth was all wet as with
a shower.

Oh, they did me good, those fast
gushing tears! There was comfort, there
was luxury in them. Bless God for
tears! How they cool the dry and sultry
heart! How they refresh the fainting
virtues! How they revive the dying
affections!

The image of my pale sweet, gentle
mother rose softly through the falling
drops. A rainbow seemed to crown her
head with its sevenfold beams.

Dear mother!—would she will me to
go back where the giant pen dipped its
glittering nib into the deep blue ether?

MR. CRANE WALKS OUT.

[We give below one of the most
amusing of the Bedford papers. The widow
had an affair with Tim Crane, an elderly
widower, for whom she had "set her
cap," and who was extremely polite to
her because he had a secret fancy for
her daughter Melissa. Mr. C. asks a
private interview with the widow; with
the following scene ensues:]

"Oh, no, Mr. Crane, by no manner of
means; 'taint a minit tew soon for you
to talk about gettin' married again. I'm
amused you should be afeerd I'd think
so. See—how long's Miss Crane been
dead? Six months!—land o' Goshen!
why, I've known a number of individ-
uals get married in less time than that.
There's Phil Bennett's widder! I was
talkin' about her just now—she was I usay
Perce her husband 'adn't been dead but
three months, you know. I don't think
it looks well for a woman to be in such a
hurry, but for a man it's a different thing—
circumstances alter cases you know—"
And then, situated as you be, Mr.
Crane, it's a terrible thing for your fam-
ily to be without a head to superintend
the domestic concerns and ten' to the
children—to say nothin' o' yerself Mr.
Crane. You dew need a companion,
and no mistake. Six months! Good
griefious! Why, Squire Titus didn't
wait but six weeks arter he buried his
fast wife, afore he married his second—
I thought there wan't no partickler need
o' his hurryin' so seein' his family was
all grow'd up. Such a critter as he
pick't out, tew! 't was very unsuitable,
but every man to his taste—I hain't no
dispersion to meddle with nobody's con-
sarns. There's old Farmer Dawson, tew—
his partner haint been dead but ten
months.

To be sure he aint married yet—but
he would be known long enough ago if
somebody I know on'd gin him any in-
curagement. But 'taint for me to speak
o' that matter. He's a clever old critter,
and as rich as a Jew—but lawd sakes!
he's old enough to be my father. And
there's Mr. Smith—Jubilee Smith—you
know him, Mr. Crane, his wife (she was
Aurory Pike) she died last summer,
and he's been squintin' around among
the women ever since, and he may
squint for all the good it 'll dew him as
far as I am consarned—though Mr.
Smith's a respectable man—quite young,
and haint no family—very well off tew,
quite intelluctual—but I tell yer what,
I'm purty partickular. O, Mr. Crane!
it's ten years come Jiminwary, since I
witnessed the expiration of my beloved
companion! an uncommon long time to
wait, to be sure—but 'taint easy to find
anybody to fill the place o' Hezekiah
Beddott. I think you're the most like
husband of airy individual I ever
see, Mr. Crane. Six months! murder-
ation! cuss you should be afeerd I'd
think 'twas to soon—why I've know'd 'd—"

Mr. Crane.—"Well, widder, I've been
thinkin' about takin' another com-
panion, and I thought I'd ask you."

Widow.—"O, Mr. Crane, excuse my
commotion, it's so unexpected. Just
hand me that bottle o' camfire oil
the manditory shelf; I'm rather faint—
dew put a little mite on my hankersher
and hold it to my nuz. There, that'll
dew, I'm obleeged tew ye; now I'm

rather more composed, you may proceed,
Mr. Crane."

Mr. C.—"Well, widder, I was going to
ask you whether—whether—"

Widow.—"Continuer, Mr. Crane, dew;
I know it's terrible embarrassin'. I re-
member when my deceased husband
made his suppositions to me, he stam-
mered and stutered, and was so awfully
flustered it did seem as if he'd never got
it out in the world, and I s'pose it's gen-
erally the case, at least it has been with
all them that's made suppositions to me
—you see they're generally uncertain
about what kind of an answer they're goin
to git and it kind o' makes 'em nervous.
But when an individual has reason to
s'pose his attachment's recipitated, I
don't see what need there is o' his bein'
flustered, tho' I must say it's quite em-
barrassin' to me; pray continuer."

Mr. C.—"Well, then, I want to know
if you're willing I should have Melissa?"

Widow.—"The dragon!"

Mr. C.—"I hain't said anything to her
about it yet—though the proper way was
to get your consent first. I remember
when I courted Trippeny, we were en-
gaged some time before mother Kenipe knew
anything about it, and when she found
it out she was quite put out, because I
didn't go to her first. So when I made
up my mind about Melissa, thinks me,
I'll dew it right this time, and speak to
the old woman first."

Widow.—"Old Woman, hey, that's a
purty name to call mel amazin perlit
tew! Want Melissa, hey! Tribble-
ation! gracious sakes alive! well, I'll give
it up now. I always knowed you was a
simpleton, Tim Crane, but I must confess
I didn't think you was quite so big a
fool, want Melissa, dew ye? If that
don't beat it! What an everlasting old
calf you must be, to s'pose she'd look at
you. Why, you're old enough to be her
father, and more tew—Melissa sint
only in her twenty-second year. What a
rediculous idee for a man o' your age
as gray as a rat, tew! wonder what this
world is comin' tew; 'tis astonishin' what
fools old widowers make o' themselves!
Have Melissa! Melissa!"

Mr. C.—"Why, widder, you surprise
me—I'd no idee of being treated in this
way after you'd been so polite to me,
and made such a fuss over me and the
girls."

Widow.—"Sbet yer head, Tim Crane
—nun o' yer sass to me. There's yer
hat on that table, and here's the door—
and the sooner you put on one and march
out o' 'other, the better it 'll be for you.
And I advise you, afore you try to get
married again, to go out West and see if
yer wife's cold, and arter yer're satisfied
on that pint, just put a little lambblack
on yer hair—'t would add to yer ap-
pearance undoubtedly, and be of service
tew you when you want to flourish among
the gals—and when yer're got yer hair
fixt, just splinter the spine of yer back—
I wouldn't hurt, yer looks a mite—
you'd be entirely unresistible if you was
little grain straighter."

Mr. C.—"Well, I never!"

Widow.—"Hold yer tongue, you con-
sarned old coot you—I tell yer there's
yer hat and here's the door—be off with
yerself, quick metre, or I'll give ye a
hyst with the broomstick!"

Mr. C.—"Gemeni!"

Widow, rising.—"Git out I say—I
aint agwine to stan here and be insulted
under my own roof, and so git along,
and if ever ye darken my door again, or
say a word to Melissa, it 'll be the wust
for you—that's all!"

Mr. C.—"Tremenjous! What a bus-
ter!"

Widow.—"Go 'long go 'long git out,
ye everlasting old gum. I won't hear
another word—(stops her ears) I won't,
I won't, I won't!" [Exit Mr. Crane.]

MERCANTILE FLUCTUATIONS.

The Philadelphia Ledger has an ar-
ticle on business matters, in which the
following paragraph occurs:

"If a man would see gray hairs upon
his head before their time, beggary and
ruin the sole legacy left to a wife and
children, now rolling in every luxury
and brought up to it all; if he wants to
see defrauded and indignant creditors;
an old age of penury and dependence,
a family driven by debt and false ideas
into every degradation and crime, then
let him spread all sail which he can,
borrow, give credit to every reckless cus-
tomer, boast of his sales, live in brown
stone and rosewood, surround himself
with carved furniture and costly im-
ported luxuries of all kinds; let him bring
up his children to be waited upon by
troops of servants—the end will come sooner
than he expects; he will be caught in
some nip of the ice, and sunk like a lump
of lead into the mighty waters."

"Come in children, out of the wet," as
the whale said, when he sucked in the
little fishes.

The fame of many a celebrated man
is as hollow as his plaster bust.

IN DEBT AND OUT OF DEBT.

Of what a hideous progeny of ill is debt
the father! What meanness, what in-
vasion of self-respect, what double-leasing!
How in due season, it will carve the
frank open face into wrinkles; how like
a knife it will stab the honest heart—
And then its transformations. How it
has been known to change a goodly face
into a mask of brass; how with the dam-
ned custom of debt, has the true man
became a callous trickster! A freedom
from debt and what nourishing sweetness
may be found in cold water; what a
toothsome in a dry crust; what am-
brosial nourishment in a hard egg! Be
sure of it, he who dines out of debt tho'
his meal be a biscuit and an onion, dines
in "The Apollo."

And then for raiment, what warmth
in a threadbare coat, if the tailors receipt
be in your pocket! what Tyrian purple
in the faded waist coat, the vest not
owed for; how glossy the well worn hat if it
covers the aching head of a debtor!—
Next the home sweets, the out door re-
creation of the free man. The street
door falls not a knell on his heart; the
foot of the staircase though his anatomy;
at the rap of his door he can crow "come
in," and his pulse still beat healthfully,
his heart sinks not in his bowels.

See him abroad. How he returns
look for look with any passengers; how
he saunters; now meeting an acquaint-
ance, he stands and gossips, but then this
man knows no debt; debt that casts a
drug in the richest wine; that makes the
food of gods unwholesome, indigestible;
that spunkles the banquet of a Lucullus
with ashes, and drops soot in the soup of
an emperor; debt that like the moth,
makes valises furs and velvets, enclosing
the wearer in a festering prison, (the
shirt of Nessus was a shirt not paid for)
that writes upon frescoed halls, the
handwriting of the attorney; that puts a
voice of terror in the knocker; that makes
the heart quake at the haunted fire-side;
debt, the invisible demon that walks
abroad with a man, now quickening his
steps, now making him look on all sides
like a haunted beast, and now bringing
to his face the ash-ly hue of death as the
unconscious pa-senger looks glancingly upon
him.

Poverty is a bitter draught, yet many,
and sometimes can with advantage, be
gulled down. Though the drinker
makes wry faces, there may, after
all, be a wholesome goodness in the cup.
But debt however couzely it may be
offered, is the cup of Sycere; and the wine,
spiced and delicious though it be, is poi-
son. The man out of debt, though with
a flaw in his jerkin, a crack in his shoe
leather, and a hole in his hat, is still the
son of liberty, free as the singing lark
above him; but the debtor, although
clothed in the utmost bravery, what is he
but a serf out upon a holiday—a slave
to be reclaimed at any instant by his
owner, the creditor?

My son, if poor, see wine in the run-
ning spring; see thy mouth water at a last
week's roll; think a threadbare coat the
only wear; and acknowledge a white-
washed garret the fittest housing place
for a gentleman; do this, and flee debt.
So shall thy heart be at rest and the sher-
iff confounded.—Douglas Jerrold.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S MARRIAGE.

The manner of Daniel Webster's en-
gagement to Miss Fletcher is thus pleas-
antly discovered by a letter writer: He
was then a young lawyer in Portsmouth,
N. H. At one of his visits to Miss Grace
Fletcher he had, probably with a view
to utility and enjoyment, been holding
skins of silk thread for her, when sud-
denly he stopped, saying, "Grace we
have thus been engaged in untying knots;
let us see if we can tie a knot, one which
will not untie for a life-time." He then
took a piece of tape, and after beginning
a knot of peculiar kind, gave it to her to
complete. This was the ceremony and
ratification of their engagement. And
now in the little box marked by him
"precious documents," containing the
letters of his early courtship, this unique
memorial is still to be found—"the knot
never untied."

At a Printers Festival at Boston a
short time since, the following capital
toast was drank:

TO THE EDITOR.—The man who is expected
to know everything, tell all he knows,
and guess at the rest; to make oath to
his own good character, establish the rep-
utation of his neighbors, and elect all
candidates to office; to blow up every-
body, suit everybody, and reform the
world; to live for the benefit of others,
and have the epitaph on his tombstone—
"Here he lies his last; in short, he is a
locomotive running on the track of pub-
lic notoriety; his lever is his pen; his
boiler is filled with ink, his tender is his
sensors, and his driving wheel is public
opinion—whenever he explodes it is
caused by nonpayment of subscriptions.

THE GULF STREAM.

Written for the Chronicle.
BY H. H. JENNISON.

Many theories have been advanced at
different times to account for the remark-
able current, which, with a velocity of
about five miles an hour, flows from the
Gulf of Mexico into the Atlantic Ocean,
between the island of Cuba and the pe-
ninsula of Florida; passes thence along
the entire eastern coast of the United
States, and, finally, loses itself in the
waters of the ocean, a little beyond the
grand bank of Newfoundland.

Some theorists have supposed it to be
the outlet of a subterranean passage un-
der the isthmus of Tehuantepec, by
which the waters of the Pacific are ad-
mitted into the Gulf of Mexico; others
have attributed it to the waters of the
Mississippi, and other streams flowing
into the gulf; while in a late number of
the *Scientific American*, it is asserted to
be caused by the waters of the Amazon
of South America. The waters of this
river, after flowing a thousand miles di-
rectly under the equator, receive a great-
er degree of warmth than the waters of
the ocean, and from its great size—being
160 miles wide at its mouth—it pushes
out into the ocean in an almost un-
divided stream for upwards of 100 miles,
when, from the action of the trade winds,
they are carried into the great bay
between North and South America, and
discharged in the manner above de-
scribed.

These theories are all unsatisfactory,
although the last two suggest causes
which may have an auxiliary influence on
its productions.

We opine that the Gulf Stream may
be mainly attributed to the earth's di-
urnal motion. This motion gives the
earth about the equatorial region a ve-
locity of over one thousand miles an
hour. The less solid parts—as the water
and air, do not immediately partake of
this motion. This fact, together with
the tendency of air to seek the point of
greatest rarefaction, reveals the cause of
the "Trade Winds." The former, nam-
ely, the diurnal motion of the earth,
causes a current of air in a westerly di-
rection; the latter causes two currents
in opposite directions—the one composed
of air for 30 degrees north of the equa-
tor, which has a southerly direction, the
other formed of the air within the same
distance south rushing northward—both
seek the point of the greatest heat and
rarefaction—the equator. Thus we see
the two causes combined give the north-
ern wind a south-westerly direction, and
the southern a north-westerly one. The
"Trade Winds," then, if acting alone on
the waters of the Amazon would drive
them directly back towards the mouth of
the river. Hence we conclude that the
"American" hypothesis is, in the main,
incorrect.

By examining the map of the world,
it will be found that Cape St. Roque,
the most easterly point of South Ameri-
ca, lies, in about 5 degrees south lati-
tude, and that from this cape, that part
of the coast lying toward North America
runs a north-westerly course to the Car-
ibbean Sea, a distance of 2,500 miles.
The southern coast bears to the south-
west, in a very similar manner. It has
been already remarked that the earth's
diurnal motion gives to the waters of the
ocean, as well as to the air, an apparent
westerly motion. This motion, in con-
nection with the trade winds, and the
tide from the east, cause the waters of
the Atlantic to divide on Cape St. Roque,